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The UNIVERSITY *of* PENNSYLVANIA LIBRARY CHRONICLE

Issued
Four Times a Year by and for
the Friends of the Library of the
University of Pennsylvania

Vol 8 No 1 April 1940

The UNIVERSITY *of* PENNSYLVANIA

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C. Seymour Thompson — Editor

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Gift From Art Alliance.

Traveling With Robert Montgomery Bird.
[Fourth Instalment]

Vol 8 No 1 — April 1940

GIFT FROM ART ALLIANCE

The Library has recently been enriched by the gift of the music library of the Philadelphia Art Alliance. This splendid collection will be welcomed and put to extensive use both by research workers in musicology and by the many students in undergraduate music courses at the University. This gift of the Board of Directors of the Art Alliance is particularly appreciated in the year of the University's bicentennial celebration.

The collection consists of upwards of 1,200 volumes of musical literature and of scores. Many of the books on music were originally in the library of James Crosby Brown, and include important and rare works in history of music and on musical instruments. The music scores include a large quantity of bound volumes of piano and vocal music, a number of vocal scores of operas, and an important addition to the University's collection of full orchestral scores. There is also a considerable collection of chamber music in both scores and parts. Since the collection was formed some years ago, there is very little of the music of the last fifty years, but on the other hand the most important classic and romantic composers are very fully represented.

Dr. Otto E. Albrecht, curator of the Music Library at the University, through whose efforts the collection has come to us, is preparing a fuller description of this important gift for a later issue of the *Library Chronicle*.

TRAVELING WITH ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD

[Fourth Instalment]

In the spring of 1834 Dr. Bird set out on a visit to England, with the hope of establishing helpful literary connections there. Of the letters that he sent to the Mayers on this journey Mrs. [Mary Mayer] Bird wrote, after his death: "These letters, perhaps more than previous ones, reveal the inner man. Keenly sensitive to mental and bodily good and ill; enthusiastically appreciative of the beautiful in Nature and Art; justly, yet modestly aware of the talents received from his Maker, and trusting in child-like simplicity in the world's readiness to do them justice; but, disappointed and rebuffed, confessing his vanity (if, indeed, it were vanity) and, with manly frankness, attributing his unfavorable opinions and severe judgments to private pique and mortification."

The first of the following letters seems to have been written April 22.

Dear Children,

When you get this note, I shall be looking my last on the blue waves of the Delaware and thinking how happy they might be, if they knew they were murmuring back to Philad[a]. Poor muddy idle fools, they will be rambling backwards and forwards all summer, kissing the Earth you walk on, without being at all proud of their privilege.

I send you the Italian books, which I *beg* you so to use as to be able, the next time I take leave, to discharge me with strange idioms. I can't stand another Goodbye in English.

Your mother dont know how happy she made me, because she dont know how unhappy she made me before. I will remember her words as long as I remember Beethoven's Adagio—I like music.

I am taking a peep at the flowers! Why did you give me *that* rose? It was the loveliest on the tree, but it is not a bit slower at withering than the ugliest—and besides the ugliest would not have humbled me much—I should have been worthy of the ugliest. As for the laurel, it may die or not as it likes; I am looking for one of a less perishable order, and when I find it, heigho! what garlands will I not make for you!

Dear children, forgive me any thing I have done to displease you, and remember me while I am wandering.

R. M. B.

Wednesday, 23d April, 10 o'clock at night.

We have been detained by calms and head winds until this moment, only about 80 miles below Philad[a]. But the wind has at last changed, the anchor is weighed, the tars are tugging at the canvass, and we hope to reach the Capes by dawn, and get to sea. Our detention has not been without its advantages; had we been at sea, we must have been tossed about, sick, disappointed, and in some fear of drifting ashore; whereas, by lying snugly at anchor in the bay, we have escaped all sickness and danger, and are in great hopes of going out with a long spell of favourable winds. The moon shines nobly and delightfully; and it was quite a magnificent sight to behold the gusts which preceded the change of wind. They were six in number, and swept over us all in the space of twenty minutes, stretching over us in immense bows from E. to W., now hiding, and now disclosing the moon—now coming upon us at a distance with a rushing noise, and now roaring through the rigging as through a winter forest. But I'll skip all description, having too many neighbours scribbling and gabbling at my elbow, to be poetic.

Our cabin company is pleasant, and would be decidedly good, but for Cathrall, or Catcall, or whatever they call him, who is a stupendous ninny, fatal with the flute, dangerous at a fiddle, and mortal in conversation. We are ten in no. and, as I said, quite pleasant. Our captain is a pleasant fellow, and the ship fine.

Give my good words to Mr. and Mrs. Frost.

I have excellent spirits, I assure you. As long as we were detained so far up the river that I could see with a spyglass the steeple of New Castle, and the Highlands of Christeen beyond it, the sight used to make me melancholy; but being now beyond this and on the broadest part of the bay, where one cant see the shores without a glass, I begin to have more cosmopolitan feelings. I hope my dear Mary is in as good spirits; and I command Lady Fingers to encourage the same. Give my love to your mother, father, Lilly, Emily, and all—and believe me ever,

Dear Mary,

Your truest friend,

R. M. B.

Liverpool, Tuesday, May 13th, 1834.

There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous—but one jump from America to England—that is, when the wind's fair, and your ship good. The sea is passed, the ship's a-dock—but am I really in the iron isle? How can that be possible? There is something familiar to me in the Broadway flagstones that I have been treading, and methinks there is a spice of Charleston, and other Southern towns, in the dingy and weatherbeaten walls of the dwellings of this Johnny Bull town. There are other things "familiar as household gods"—glorious bread and butter, superfine coffee, roast beef, roast mutton, soles, salmons (the two last new acquaintances, but, in a moment, my sworn friends), etc., etc. Who would have thought of such things out of Philad[a]?

But—hard is my fate—I can't expatiate about eatables or sensations just now. Wait till I get me settled in Lunnon town, and then expect the ecstatics: I shall have leisure for such things; *now* I am not yet off my sea legs, and my brain has not stopped shaking. We had a short passage—16 days from land to land, and 22 from city to city (You remember, we left the Capes of Delaware on Thursday the 24th April, 2 o'clock in the morning, I waxing gloriously sick, and others ditto; added to which, a steerage passenger, a poor Bedlamite, was cutting his throat about the same hour). Short passage quite—Beat the New York packet Virginia which left the day we were leaving Capes, and almost caught the packet of the 16th. Short passage; but oh the squalls! the hurricanes! the rollings about—the pitchings up, and the pitchings down! oh the tumbling this way and that way in berths, instead of sleeping! and oh the sea-sickness!!! How tired I got of the sea, and all its concerns, in the aforesaid short term of sixteen days, words can't express; and yet there was never a greater variety of sea rarities displayed in so few days, especially in the Spring. The first twelve or thirteen days, it blew in almost incessant gales, which twice waxed into tempests, and once became an absolute hurricane, which was not at all to my liking, though marvellously magnificent. This rage was preluded by a brace of waterspouts, one of which I saw from the forming to the fading thereof, and so near that I could trace the spiral motion of the spray—by a morning rainbow—very rare—and by other such wonders, of which I haven't time to make a page or two of sentiment. All that I have to say of the sea particularly, is that it is an awfully disagreeable place, and that I wish I could get home without recrossing it. *I begin to believe that Providence meant me to stay at home.*

Wednesday morning. Distractions! distractions! distractions! I want to get out of Liverpool tomorrow mg. which throws endless troubles on my hands. If

you should ever travel, any of you, never bother yourselves with friends' messages. Think of England having two days of sunshine together! Sunday ent. the Channel in a furious blow—Monday, bright day, with an American sunset; (How I thought of the Schuylkill and the Blind and Lame Hospital, railing, tower, and all!)—Tuesday, landed and ran about all day, looking at clear skies! It is a fact, but Englishmen thought it quite wrong. To day, clouds, showers, and mud. You ought to hear the sparrows chirping about the eaves, and the capitals of pillars—the town is full of 'em, and they make as much noise as a barn full of swallows in our land—*Our* land! I long to hear the nightingale, but more still the skylark, as doubtless I shall very shortly, on my way to London. I go, via Wales, for variety sake—calculating to reach London by the 20th in time for the Exhibitions. I am vastly pleased with the land so far, and yet immensely tired of it. The men are immensely ugly, and so are the women. I am altogether too much hurried to give you any of my feelings. I only pray heaven to bless you all, and send me back to you in good time. Adieu—adieu—adieu.

R. M. B.

London, No. 3, Adam Street Adelphi—
Monday, May 26th, 1834.

Dear girls,

The quarter of the town in which I have taken rooms is one so peculiarly American, that almost the first individual I discovered in it was my foolish fellow voyager Cathrall, whom with his wife and child, at Liverpool, I had helped ship off to Dublin a week or more ago. In addition, I was roused up the second morning by a street organ grinding out Yankee Doodle; and on the third day, happening from the window to see a man making memorandums in the street, I stared at him, and discovered him to be no more nor less than our lost lambkin, Dr. Black! He is in his senses, in

best health, spirits, etc.; says he has written dozens of letters and rec^d none. (And this admonishes me to tell you I scribbled you a hasty note from Liverpool, and to request you to direct all your billets doux, without any street or quarter of mine, both of which I may change at any moment, to the care of *John Miller, Esq. Bookseller, 13 Henrietta St. Covent Garden.*) Where was I? Oh, the Doctor—He is in a good humour then, and declares that none of the women of Philad^a know how to behave with the manners of good European society, except *yourselves!* especially you, Carry, "who have something naturally very ladylike about you, entirely opposed to the *rowdy* elegance of fashionable vulgarity"!! I stared at the Dr. and asked him if he did not mean somebody else!

London is a splendid—a noble city—and how much I have sometimes scratched my head when remembering some of my ancient conceits about Philadelphia! Pray walk this evening, if the weather be good, to the Squares, and while you are admiring them, fancy, if you can, Parks from five to five hundred times as big, and fifty thousand times more beautiful, with sheets of water, flowering thickets and islands, grassy lawns and knolls, massive clumps of trees and tall groves, with vistas through and over them of ancient Cathedrals, palaces, and monuments. Just fancy, my dear Miss Mary, that you are in a place, where you may indifferently take your stand anywhere and make four views —right and left, in front and behind, each of which, with the addition of nothing (for effect, figures, etc., are there always ready for you) will make a beautiful picture. Such a place is St. James's Park, and such, they say, are the Regents' and Hyde Park, which I have not yet visited. Their beauties are inconceivable, for the peculiar, smoky atmosphere of this island keeps them always effective. They would be charming places for studies; and, if I can ever learn the use of water colours from the anglic rascals about this town, I mean

to spend a week or two in sketching them. *Mem.* I have been in London six days, *and the sun has been shining All the time.* It rained five months last winter; but, they say, fine weather is quite common at this season. My lodging house is within 100 feet of the Thames, my windows look on it; a fine terrace, some 40 or 50 feet above the water, runs along it for about a square. From this terrace I can see, on the left hand, St. Pauls', on the right, Westminster Abbey; without counting a brace of stone bridges with 12 or 15 huge arches each, or towers and steeples in abundance.

But you want to know what I saw before I got to London. First then I saw the very old walled town of Chester, with its very antique ruined Cathedral, that made me solemn; the winding Dee, that made me think of Mary's Dream; Eaton Hall, a piece of superfluous magnificence and pomp, which kindled my plebeian wrath, and made me more of a republican than ever (You can find descriptions of this place in Carter's Letters, Stewart's recent book, etc.; as for myself, I abhor being too particular); Conway Castle (Wales), a most majestic, impressive, picturesque ruin; the Menai Bridge, a forest of iron; the haggard hills of Wales, all with unpronounceable names, except Snowdon, over whose foot I rode without seeing him, though in broad day; dear, sweet, pretty Llangollen, with the castellated ruin on the peak—Castel Dinas Bran—and the old Abbey—Valle Crucis—in the gorge hard by; then Shakspeare's den; then the Schoolcotes of Oxford; Windsor Castle, etc., etc., etc., too tedious to mention —till I got to London—which is also too tedious to mention.

The Welsh mountains are rather goodlooking, when one can see them, which is not often, in consequence of the mists; for the land is so foggy, one can't, half the time, see more than half way up a moderate sized tree; and, it is supposed, that nothing but a beggar can ever see up even to the top of a stagecoach.

Of London I have not yet seen much, though kept very busy. I have been to the House of Commons—a most contemptible looking hole; to the Royal Academy (How I could talk about *that,* if I had space and time!) —to divers smaller places; and I have been to hear Paganini! He is really a fine, admirable player—entirely beyond all other fiddlers, but without being at all supernatural or astounding; he is magically excellent, that is all. He played, among other things, a Sonata on the 4th string, wherein was a deep, sorrowful, passionate Adagio, that made me awfully homesick, and then seemed to speak out my heart's thoughts for me. Philadelphia, the walks by the Schuylkill, your own dear selves—all these nonsensical things were lamented in the strain, and lamented as I would lament them, if I could—that is, when I get homesick. Then I came out at 11 o'clock, into a magnificent street composed of two lines of palaces, just as the moon was rising over them. The time set me to thinking on—I made allowance for the difference of longitude and felt persuaded that, at that moment, you were strolling about the Schuylkill—I got home—I took a peep at the terrace, at the river—it was midnight: at that moment you were watching the sunset. All that night, I dreamed about you and Paganini. The town is full of concerts. By a mistake I missed the other day a Concert of *Hertz,* when Moscheles, Bochsa, etc., were to appear. But they appear almost every day.

I have been too busy yet for business, but will begin soon. You doubtless think I am in a rapture with Lunnon. I am indeed; but nevertheless, I am so well convinced that I should be in raptures still greater at home, that I have more than half persuaded myself that it would be for my interest *to be* at home. I don't see how I can ever be industrious here; 'tis too noisy, sightseeing a place; and besides, a 5 months rain in the winter! I intend to see if I cant manage to visit you in the fall. Six weeks more would content me with London. But

all must depend upon what is pronounced to be necessary.

Give my love to your mother and father, to the girls and all, and believe

Ever Yours,

R. M. B.

London, June 25th, 1834.

Dear Children,

After all my modest, unassuming hopes to make a fortune out of the Londoners, they bid very fair to out-Herod Herod, or, what is the same thing, to out-Yankee Yankee. In other words, as I begin to have the comfortable assurance, they will have Calavar[1] from me for nothing, or not have him at all. I hear on all hands how necessary it is that an author should *sacrifice* his first work, especially a foreign one; and I begin to perceive that I must fall into ranks, and do as my betters have done before me. This seems to be a pretty state of things indeed, that an author should *give* a bookseller one book for the privilege of selling him a second: but this is the misfortune of being unknown, as is unfortunately my case. Among the herd of scribblers in Great Britain, notoriety is the only mark of genius for a bookseller; none of these brain merchants will keep a neophyte on pay, while he is creeping up hill. But there is this satisfaction in store, that, after he is up hill, he can make the rascals pay the back account. This is my hope.

The whole state of literature in this enlightened place is such as altogether to amaze, and, for the present, to discourage me. It seems to me certain, that if I personally enter the arena of letters in London, I must

[1] Bird had hoped to make arrangements for an English edition of *Calavar,* then in press in America.

expect to do many things, and submit to many, not at all to my mind; and this too without the assurance of any immediate profit. To this I cannot consent; I prefer to follow the plan that Mr. Irving and Mr. Cooper were obliged to adopt—that is, give them a book, and claim pay for the second.

You see that I am disappointed, and that I confess my disappointment. I am mightily mortified and ashamed of having acted so like a goose, as to come to this land on a speculation. So don't tell any body. I intend to leave it without delay. I shan't stay here a moment longer than is necessary to convince me I stay in vain. You need not be surprised if you see me in Philad^a^ by the beginning of Septr. I begin to talk, and what is more to think, very resolutely of taking passage home by the middle of next month. I can do nothing here: at home, I can work, and pay you such glorious visits! The very thought fills me with transport. There was never any body so homesick in this world! Oh! how homesick I *am!* Though I have heard Paganini again; though at his last concert, *Miss Mayer* acquitted herself very handsomely on the pianoforte; though all day long I hear my dear landlady screaming about among the maids, "You Lucy!" and "You Mary!" (Mem.—Lucy is as ugly as old Nick); though in addition, I see new evidences every day that America is a detestable place, and its institutions odious; though I know our country is a wilderness, and yourselves barbarians, yet, oh murder! oh murder! *how* homesick I am!—Oh how tired I am! I was never more tired of any doghole in all Tennessee, except one (immortal Summersville! be thy name recorded), than I am of the million and a half Monster, London, though the sun shines every day, as in America, and though one day it's hot and one day it's cold as in Philad^a^. In the first place, to account for this eccentric fatigue,—I was meant for a wild man, though not of

the gregarious order. From the bottom of my shoe, as well as my heart, I detest a crowd. That ever I should come to ruralize in London! A hidear hunquestionably. Then I detest noises. Oh Niagara! I remember what a fuss thou art making; but I would willingly exchange this rubadub thunder for thy tiresome old dingdong. And the London *Cries!* You should hear them—Cries indeed—lugubrious, heartbreaking—the yells of condemned souls selling cabbages and drumming up for old clothes. They make me nervous. When you get me home, pray don't let me go away again.

I am afraid if I stay here longer, I shall become a Jackson man! I begin to feel like a democrat, and for the first time in my life to think that God will lead the foot of the poor man to the neck of the rich, and that, in this, there will be justice. I can't look about me here, to the right or left, before or behind, to the window above or the gutter at my feet, without seeing an evidence of the corruption and misery that follow in the steps of privilege. If you could but look into some of the wretched hovels which make up the mass of London, or dive into some ancient alley, and witness the degradation and suffering of the creatures that inhabit them; then peep into the nearest palace, and behold the ugly, puny, monkey looking magnificoes who are there dying of ennui, you would wish to be men, your blood would boil, and you would become reformers, radicals, agitators—that is to say Jackson men, undoubtedly. But all this political indignation of mine comes from my personal dissatisfaction.

June 28th. I kept my scrawl for Mr. Veil's bag. I shall gang hame, depend upon it, in about a month.

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Love to all. I have been hunting all over London for the "Variations" (Weber's) but in vain. Oh the pictures! oh the water colour drawings! I will write again before starting.

Yrs ever,

R. M. B.

In a postscript of the last letter Bird wrote that he had heard of the arrival of letters addressed to him. "Perhaps there may be one from *you,*" he wrote to Mary. The letter printed below could not have reached him so early, but after reading the foregoing one can realize the pleasure it must have brought to the homesick traveler when at last it reached him. We print it here as an excellent example of the naive charm which characterizes all of Mary's letters.

Philadelphia, Tuesday, June 17th, 1834.

Oh, it is a pleasant thing to get the first letter from o'er the sea! Yet how pleasant, I am not now going to tell you, but will leave it to you to discover if ever you should happen to have a good friend who, you know, has been tossing about for some time on the raging ocean. But thank you, thank you again and again, good Doctor, for your letter; it has come in good time, at least six weeks sooner than you prophecied, and quite as early as we even dared to hope; and it has relieved us from some apprehension, which we could not but feel, knowing that the season was uncommonly tempestuous. Do you remember, you promised we should hear from you about August? But 'tho you choose sometimes to appear a bird of ill omen, your deeds are generally, I think, good. In the present instance, certainly, and again I thank you for writing immediately. I had a presentiment of something agreeable from a dream I had; for, on waking yesterday morning, this vision was so impressed on my fancy, that I felt certain there would be good news from a certain quarter, and was not a bit surprised when, in the afternoon, F—made his appearance at the village of G. . . . . , (where we have been for a week or two,) and demanded our presence in town, nor any more astonished when this mighty mysterious affair, which so urgently called us away, turned out to be a little packet dated Liverpool. For prudence's sake,

the letter was not brought out to us, and for prudence's sake, it was not judged proper that Lady Fingers[2] should brave a sort of Scotch mist or English fog, that filled the air at the time, and therefore your humble servant had the honor of opening the epistle which brought the first news of your arrival, and has resolved, in spite of prudence, to run the risk of answering it, to which office, besides her own inclinations, she was deputed by Lady Fingers, who regretted exceedingly, she was not able herself to do her part. I received your Cape letter not till the 2nd day of May, and therefore well knew you had the full benefit of the furious winds that have prevailed almost constantly since your departure. Altho' so unusual in our happily protected city, yet this spring, have cold blasts, (the most fierce and violent I ever remember and the most frequent,) snow, rain and hail, thick clouds and darkness, taken the place of our bright sunsets, our fair midday sky, and our balmy, lovely, evenings. The promise of the year in great measure destroyed, the fair blossoms blighted, the forests stripped of their leaves, and all Nature putting on once more her winter aspect—All this in April and May; indeed in the middle of the latter month there was a woman frozen to death in the state of N. Y. But why do I tell you all these dismal circumstances? For, they really look dismal on paper, and where there is so little space, surely I should record only agreable [*sic*] intelligence. I am sure I don't know, unless it is to show you that you have not lost much by not being here, for while you were prisoner in a fine ship, we were much of the time kept just as much confined in the house. And so you were very, very sick? And got very, very tired of the sea? But we will not discourse of that neither, for, before this time, as new leaves have replaced those

[2] Readers of Bird's letters will recall that Caroline Mayer was called "Lady Fingers."

which were withered, and the whole country is smiling as tho' it never knew a blight, new feelings have, I hope, arisen in your bosom; admiration, and wonder, and delight have expelled the recollections of every thing disagreable belonging to the ocean. And while you are exploring the ancient castles, and climbing the hills around those beautiful lakes, and sailing on their waters, and (first I should have placed them,) hunting out all the lions of the great City, and, above all, when you shall feel all the joys and glories of a successful author, *then* will you think that although a high price, you have not paid too dear for such enjoyments. You see, I am anticipating for you, for all this I not only hope but expect, like a true friend, pleasing myself with the belief that you will spend many, very many, happy days in England. But do tell us all about it—How you like every thing, and what things you see (I am forever putting the cart before the horse, but forgive it.) We shall expect a circumstantial account of all your proceedings, of the progress of all your works, and in short of whatever interests you. We are not at all exorbitant, are we?

We are all well, and thank Providence, have been so since your departure; Lady F. and myself, as I told you before, are paying a visit, a long promised visit, to our friends in the country. We have been, for us, in quite a whirl of gaiety, going to weddings, parties, fêtes champêtres, and I know not what. Last week we were at one of the last mentioned entertainments, which was conducted in truly a magnificent style. In a palace of a house, about 15 miles from town, surrounded by beautiful grounds, was collected every thing that could conduce to the enjoyment of 200 guests or more, a fine band of music, all sorts of pretty nic-nacs, a superb dinner, &c, &c. To our great surprise, we anti-party, anti-fête people really enjoyed ourselves, and returned, after spending a considerable part of the day there, hardly fatigued at all. Your acquaintance

Miss G . . . f has been united to her fiancé, Mr. D— and my good sister was called upon to officiate as bridemaid [*sic*], and it is this has involved her, (and myself in part,) in a round of gaiety not much to our taste. There prevails, however thro' the whole city, an inclination to make merry; the people seem to bid defiance to the clouds that overhang the natural sky and the political firmament. By the bye, they are all tired of politics, and the misrule of the Kitchen[3] is patiently borne. All that I ever hear of it now, except in the newspapers, is on the occasion of a jubilee, or a grand dinner to a distinguished Senator when speeches are made, and toasts given, and patriotic songs sung with great zeal. I noted on one of the latter occasions that "God bless America," made its debut in Ph. in very excellent company, after the toast of "the Senate of the U. S." and with a good selection from our patriotic airs.[4] I suppose tho', that you hear all these things from those friends who mix more in the world and have more accurate information. Now and then, too, I hear rumors of a certain tragedy, something about a Broker, I believe, exciting vast attention, of papers filled with puffs, of crowded boxes &c[5]—But poor I— have been in the country, and know nothing about it, and you, I imagine, do not either.

Well my good friend, pray tell me what you mean, when, after two days on shore, you say you are vastly pleased but immensely tired. Pleased with the land, I suppose, but tired of the commissions: and I don't wonder at that, but think it very hard you should have been so burdened by your friends. But I am drawing near the end of the page, and still have a great deal to

[3] President Jackson's "Kitchen Cabinet."

[4] "America" was first heard in public at a meeting in Boston, July 4, 1832.

[5] Bird's *Broker of Bogota* was first produced February 12, 1834, and was a great success.

say—I have not even told you that we missed you, that —but it is a great while ago, and *now* that we can hear from you regularly, it will seem as tho' you were not so far. But you know I am fond of giving advice; therefore, let me advise you if you go to Paris, to take great care, for it is a very unhealthy place for strangers. And, moreover, since the Ocean is so hard upon you, would it not be better to see all you wish to see before braving its fury again? If you have really suffered so much, will it be wise to tempt its dangers unnecessarily?

Evening—Past 10—I went this afternoon to communicate the pleasant tidings to our friends in 10th St. who, I found, had not heard of your arrival, and were delighted of course. Mr. F. has proposed my sending this letter enclosed in one he is to write to-night, which plan I like very well, as I was rather uncertain whether it might fall into the hands it is meant for, and "two," as the Scriptures say, "being better than one," may run a chance of finding their owner.[6] But what a task have I set you! Such a long, such a closely written letter—One good end, however, it might answer, that of putting you to sleep—If so, neither you nor I would have a right to complain. But it *shall* have an end, after I have again told you as an excuse for its dulness, that I am so full of joy; and gratitude for your safe arrival, that I could not well write or think of any thing else. All desire earnestly to be remembered to you—C. in particular, reiterated her requests to give her love, thousands of love. After this, she will join in the pleasant task of writing you. Write often as you can, I entreat you. And may Heaven ever watch over and bless you, is the prayer of

Your sincere and affectionate friend

Mary.

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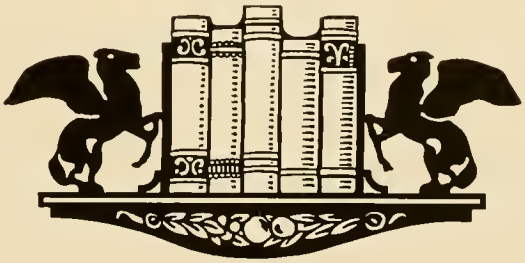
[6] The writer's acquaintance with the Scriptures seems better than her logic.

Bird must have read with pleasure another letter, too, dated July 18, from which we extract the following picture of the life enjoyed, in what now seems a primitive Philadelphia, by a family of culture, moderate means, and domestic tastes.

Just a week ago, on a beautiful, bright, cool day, the first after a fortnight of the most oppressive weather we have had for many years, a small party started out, portfolio in hand, from Race St. on a sketching expedition. They took their way to the Schuylkill and the hills, anticipating with delight the grand improvement they were to make in their favorite art, the fine pictures they would have to exhibit on their return, as well as the enjoyment they would have from the glorious breeze and the fine prospects. But alas! vain are all human hopes! When they arrived at the "Retreat," it was no longer so: the solitude was no solitude: the river-side resounded with the voices of fishermen and others who had discovered that there was so sweet a spot within a mile of the city, and nothing was left to the disappointed party but, (after a look at the Beech trees, and a little racing on the top of the hills) to retrace their steps, by the light of a most brilliant moon and the evening star, homewards. Yet is there no evil without its accompanying good; and when we returned, we were rewarded by the sight of your most welcome letter. It was read in short time, you doubt not, and called forth expressions of astonishment at every line. 9 or 10 days in England, and have seen so much! A month since you left your own shores, and you are more than 3000 miles away from them. The thought almost stupefies me, and I expect to hear of your taking an excursion to the Wall of China, or climbing the great Pyramid, or at least ascending that mountain in Norway or Sweden, (I forget which,) where you can see

the sun shine, not only all day, but all night too. But seriously, it is almost as good to read your descriptions as to be there, and if you will but continue them, and above all assist them with your *pencil* pictures, we shall be able to fancy we are all enjoying every thing together. And this will surely be very pleasant to us, who are going on in such an even, unruffled, unvaried way, from month to month, and to whom a walk to the Schuylkill is quite an event.



PROPOSALS

RELATING TO THE

EDUCATION

OF

YOUTH

IN

PENSILVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA:
Printed in the Year, M.DCC.XLIX.

Facsimile Title Page

The UNIVERSITY *of* PENNSYLVANIA

LIBRARY CHRONICLE

Issued four times a year by and for the Friends of the Library of the University

C. Seymour Thompson — Editor

A Catalogue Of An Exhibition Prepared In Observance Of The Bicentennial Of The University

Vol 8 No 2-3 — Sept. 1940

THE BICENTENNIAL

In observance of the University's Bicentennial we are devoting this issue of the *Chronicle* to a catalogue of the special exhibit that is on view in the outer reading room, on the main floor of the Library, directly opposite the entrance to the building. Because of the limited space available it has seemed better to restrict the exhibit mainly to books of interest in connection with the early history of the University and with Franklin, the founder, rather than to undertake a more miscellaneous display of rare books and valuable editions. A few choice items acquired in recent years are, however, included.

The exhibit is therefore divided into three sections. First, in the cases on the left, are books and manuscripts "From the Early Years." This is composed principally of books selected from the Founders' Room, on the second floor, in which are shelved all of the books still in our possession that were listed in the first printed catalogue of the Library in 1829. In the second section are a few of the innumerable valuable volumes acquired by gift in recent years. The third section, on the right, is devoted to the priceless Curtis Collection of Franklin Imprints and a few Franklin manuscripts.

The Library of the University is practically as old as the University itself. Even before 1749 there must have been some few books that belonged to the School;

and the "Constitutions of the Publick Academy," adopted in 1749, gave recognition to the necessity of supplying "Books of general Use, that may be too expensive for each Scholar"; books "necessary for the Improvement of the Youth." In 1750 the first recorded appropriation of funds for a library was made, when one hundred pounds were put at the disposal of a committee, headed by Franklin, for the purchase of "Latin and Greek Authors, Maps, Drafts and Instruments for the Use of the Academy."

If the Friends of the Library had been organized in 1784, Louis XVI of France would surely have been awarded life membership in recognition of his gift of one hundred volumes. We can readily imagine the interest which followed the announcement that "the Books presented by his Most Christian Majesty was arrived." From 1784 to the present day the Library has benefited immeasurably by the generosity of its many friends, all of whom have our most appreciative gratitude.

We hope that all Friends of the Library will visit us during the week of September 15. We shall be open daily from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. The Librarian will be glad to welcome all, and he or members of the staff will take pleasure in showing not only the special exhibit but other collections of interest: the Lea Library of Medieval History; the Furness Library of Shakespeareana; the Godfrey F. Singer collection of eighteenth-century fiction; and the Founders' Room, where not only the early books but many relics, including the famous Rittenhouse orrery, may be seen.

I. FROM THE EARLY YEARS

The Oldest Known Document relating to the history of the University. Facsimile of a bill rendered June 14, 1740, in connection with erection of the Charity School building. The original is displayed in the Founders' Room on the second floor.

Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pensilvania. Philadelphia: Printed in the Year, M.DCC.XLIX.

"In 1749 I was encouraged to hazard another Project, that of a Public Education for our Youth. Before I went about to procure Subscriptions, I thought it proper to prepare the Minds of the People by a Pamphlet, which I wrote, and printed, and distributed with my Newspapers, gratis: The Title was, '*Proposals relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania.*'" [Benjamin Franklin.]

From this pamphlet came expansion of the plans for a Charity School, formed in 1740, into the Academy and College, now the University of Pennsylvania. Two copies are displayed, showing the title-page and the "Advertisement to the Reader."

Constitutions of the Publick Academy, in the City of Philadelphia.

This, too, was printed by Franklin in 1749.

Memoires d'Artillerie, recueillis par le Sr Surirey de Saint Remy - - - -. [Two Volumes.] Paris, 1697.

Long a standard work on artillery, compiled by a French military expert and printed at L'Imprimerie Royale. Presented by Lewis Evans "to the Philad^a^ Academy 1749/50 for the Use of the Drawing School."

Euripidis Hecuba, Orestes, et Phoenissae, cum Scholiis antiquis - - - -. London, 1748.

The best of early eighteenth-century scholarship went into this edition of three of Euripides' tragedies, with copious notes and paraphrases and Latin translation. On the title-page is written "Belongs to ye Academy."

Iosephi Scaligeri - - - - Opus de emendatione temporum - - - -. Cologne, M.DC.XXIX.

Another volume "ex libris Academiae Philadelphiensis," according to an inscription on the title-page; a revised and enlarged edition of a work by Joseph Justus Scaliger, one of the most noted scholars of the sixteenth century, "On the Correction of Chronology." The book revised all previously accepted ideas of chronological computation.

Johannis Buxtorfi Lexicon hebraicum et chaldaicum. Basel, 1700 or earlier.

This copy of one of the standard reference books of its day belonged to Francis Alison, professor and vice-provost in the College. It was purchased from him by James Latta, a member of the first graduating class and tutor in the College from 1756 to 1759. In more recent times it belonged to Mr. John Ashhurst, jr., and then to Mr. T. H. Latta, who has now presented it to the Library.

A Dictionary of the English Language - - - -. By Samuel Johnson, A.M. In Two Volumes. London, 1755.

The first edition, ordered by Franklin for the Academy immediately after its publication.

Diploma awarded to Ebenezer Kinnersley, conferring upon him the honorary degree Master of Arts in 1757.

Signed by William Smith, provost; Fran. Alison, vice-provost; Theophilus Grew, professor of mathematics; and Paul Jackson, professor of languages. Kinnersley was professor of oratory and English literature in the College from 1753 to 1773. He was associated with Franklin (who refers to him as an "ingenious neighbor") in many electrical experiments.

Supplemental Charter to the Academy of Philadelphia. 1755.

Manuscript copy "No. 46" of a rough draft of the "Additional Charter" of 1755.

Register of the "Class entered May 25th 1754. First Class in the College of Philadelphia." Manuscript in the hand of Vice-provost Alison.

Address presented in 1756 "to the Honourable Robert Hunter Morris, Esqr., Lieutennant Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania, and Counties of Newcastle, Kent and Sussex on Delaware," returning thanks to him and the Proprietors for their countenance "towards the young Seminary under our Care" and for granting the Additional Charter. Signed by William Smith, provost; Francis Alison, vice-provost; Ebenezer Kinnersley, professor of English and oratory; and Theophilus Grew, professor of mathematics.

Printed circular of 1762, used by Provost Smith in connection with his "house to house" canvass for funds for "the two Colleges lately established in the Cities of New York and Philadelphia."

"Philosophemata - - - - discutienda." Broadside of 1762, listing the questions, or "theses," submitted for discussion by the six members of that year's graduating class, giving also a list of all who had been admitted to the College, beginning with the Class of 1757.

The Works of the Long-Mournful and Sorely-Distressed Isaac Penington, whom the Lord, in his tender Mercy, at length Visited and Relieved by the Ministry of that despised People called Quakers - - - -. The Second Edition. [Two Volumes.] London, 1761.

Carefully inscribed "The Gift of the People called Quakers in London to the College Library in Philadelphia."

Gavel made from a banister of the first dormitory of the College, erected in 1762. Presented by Mr. George E. Nitzsche.

De puopoiesi, sive tentamen medicum inaugurale de puris confectione. [By John Morgan.] Edinburgh, 1763.

The dissertation submitted for the degree M.D., at the University of Edinburgh, by John Morgan, a member of our first graduating class, who became the first teacher of medicine in the College and the founder of the Medical Department. Inscribed "Rev^{d}. Doct^{r}. W^{m}. Smith, Provost of the College of Philad^{a}, from his most humble Servant, John Morgan."

Cards of admission to courses of lectures in the College; one of them printed (as many were) on the back of a playing-card.

Histoire naturelle, générale et particulière, avec la description du cabinet du Roy. Par M. le Comte de Buffon. [Fifteen Volumes, of which Volume one is shown.] Paris, "De L'Imprimerie Royale," 1749–'67.

Histoire naturelle des oiseaux. Par M. le Comte de Buffon. [Eight Volumes, of which Volume seven is shown.] Paris, "De L'Imprimerie Royale," 1770–'81.

These are two from the collection of one hundred volumes presented to the University in 1784 by Louis XVI, King of France. Ninety-two of these volumes are still in our possession, shelved in the Founders' Room. Many of the books were products of "L'Imprimerie Royale," established by Louis XIII in 1640 for "the reproduction and distribution of the principal monuments of religion and of letters." The press was famous for the excellence of its typography.

The two volumes displayed constitute part of what is known as the first edition (of somewhat complicated bibliographical "points") of the monumental *Histoire naturelle* of Georges Louis Leclerc de Buffon, distinguished French naturalist, which is still useful. The complete work eventually filled forty-four volumes, of which the last eight were published after Buffon's death. All but one of the thirty-one volumes published before 1784 were in the collection presented by Louis XVI.

Description des Alpes, Pennines et Rhetiennes; dédiée à S. M. Très-Chrétienne Louis XVI, Roi de France et de Navarre. [Two Volumes.] Geneva, M.DCC.LXXXI.

Another volume from the same collection. By an eminent Swiss painter and naturalist, author also of several similar works of importance, including a description of Mont Blanc, which he ascended in 1787. His work contributed much to knowledge of the Alpine glaciers.

Opere del Signor Abate Pietro Metastasio. Twelve Volumes, Paris, 1780–'82.

From the same gift; the first collected edition of the works of Metastasio, an Italian poet and dramatist who was widely popular in his day, and was one of the few Italian writers of the eighteenth century who had a reputation throughout Europe.

Paradise Lost. A Poem, in Twelve Books. The Author John Milton. From the Text of Thomas Newton, D.D., Birmingham. Printed by John Baskerville for J. and R. Tonson in London. MDCCLVIII.

As shown by the inscription on the title-page, this was "Given by the hon^ble^ Thomas Penn Esqr to W. S. for the College of Philad^a^."

Christian Doctrines and Duties explained and recommended; in Forty Sermons - - - -. In Two Volumes. By William Berriman, D.D. London, MDCCLI.

A gift to Provost Smith in 1764 from the Associates of Dr. Bray, who were organized by Dr. Thomas Bray before his death in 1730 (and are still active) to carry on his missionary work, and especially to perpetuate his projects for establishing libraries.

Catechetical Lectures on the Preliminary Questions and Answers of the Church-Catechism. Giving an Account of the whole Doctrine of the Covenant of Grace; and of the Nature, Terms, and Conditions of the same: - - - -. By Thomas Bray, D.D. London, 1703.

Another of the set of four volumes which constituted this gift from Dr. Bray's Associates, containing not only his "Catechetical Lectures" but several other works by popular theologians.

Theron and Aspasio: or, A Series of Dialogues and Letters, upon the most Important and Interesting Subjects. In Three Volumes. By James Hervey, A.M. - - - - London: MDCCLV.

"The Gift of the Rev[d]. Thomas Barton to the English School in the College & Academy of Philad[a]."

II. ACQUISITIONS OF MORE RECENT YEARS

A Hindi Manuscript on birds as omens. "An anonymous and probably incomplete text in dialectic Hindi, showing rude paintings of sixteen birds, some with onomatopoetic names not appearing in the Hindi dictionaries, and indicating whether these birds are favorable or unfavorable in connection with ten topics, such as starting a journey or entering into a business association. It was possibly a village sooth-sayer's pocket guide." [W. Norman Brown, "New Acquisitions of Sanskrit Manuscripts," in *Library Chronicle,* vol. 3, pp. 58–61.]

A Persian Manuscript of the year 1474, containing a poem by Mulla Nurud-Din Abdur-Rahman Jami, "one of the most remarkable poets Iran ever produced." The poem, entitled Yusuf-u-Zulaykha, relates the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife. The text is the work of a famous calligrapher, Kasim Ali Shirazi; the miniatures are by an unknown painter. The illustration shown, accompanying a page of the text, depicts "Joseph in the Slave-Market." ["A Rare Jami Manuscript," by Muhammad A. Simsar, in *Library Chronicle,* vol. 3, pp. 21–25.] The manuscript was given in 1900 by Mr. Clarence S. Bement.

Aristophanis Comoediae novem - - - -. [Colophon: Venetiis apud Aldum MIID idibus Quintilis.] Venice, Aldine Press, 1498.

A beautiful product of the famous press of Aldus Minutius, presented by Dr. William Pepper in 1922, containing nine of the comedies of Aristophanes. "It would be impossible to overrate the debt which Greek scholarship owes to Aldus as editor and publisher." (H. F. Brown, *The Venetian Printing Press,* p. 46.)

La Comedia di Dante Aldighie - - - -. Milan, 1478.

The so-called Nidobeatine edition of Dante's *Divine Comedy,* printed by Martino Paolo, who assumed the name Nidobeato. The text of this edition has always been highly regarded, and was followed in many later editions.

Trionfi, Sonetti et Canzoni - - - - dello egregio poeta Misser Fracescho Petrarcha - - - -. Venice, 1490.

The text of this early edition of Petrarch is surrounded by commentaries. Many of the initial letters are illuminated in gold and colors.

Eusebii Pamphilii de euangelica praeparatione - - - - Treviso, 1480.

Another choice incunabulum, presented in 1935 by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach: a Latin translation of a Greek treatise by Eusebius Pamphili, "the Father of ecclesiastical history." An unusually fine copy, in magnificent red morocco binding.

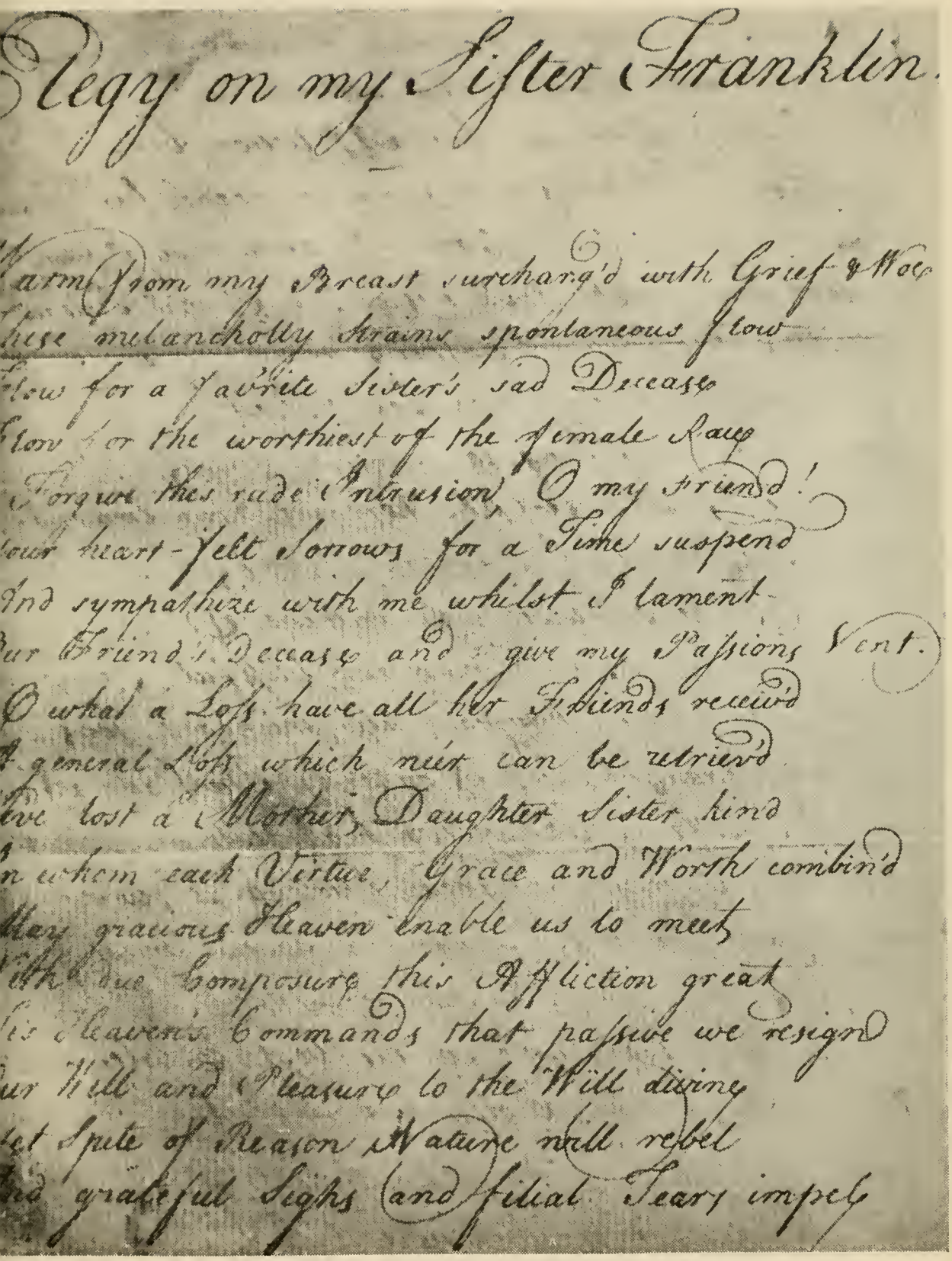
The "Nuremberg Chronicle."

This is a splendid copy of the famous *Liber Chronicarum,* or *Weltgeschichte,* of Hartmann Schedel, printed at Nuremberg by Anton Koberger in 1493, with woodcuts by Michael Wolgemut and his son-in-law, Wilhelm Pleydenwurff. Two editions were printed, one in Latin and one in German; our copy, presented by Dr. Charles W. Burr, is the Latin edition.

Holinshed's *Chronicles*.

Another of the innumerable splendid gifts from Dr. Burr, whose interest and efforts were principally responsible for the organization of the Friends of the Library: the first edition of Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotlande and Irelande*: ["At London. Imprinted for George Bishop. God Save the Queene. 1577."] This edition of the Chronicles, the second edition of which [1587] was extensively drawn upon by Shakespeare, is particularly interesting because of the quaint woodcuts.

Commentaries on the Laws of England. By William Blackstone, Esq. [Four Volumes.] Oxford, 1765. First edition of this classic, presented in 1935 by Dr. A. Edward Newton, good friend, and former President of the Friends of the Library.



Elegy on my Sister Franklin.

Warm from my Breast surcharg'd with Grief & Woe
These melancholly Strains spontaneous flow
Flow for a favorite Sister's sad Decease
Flow for the worthiest of the female Race
Forgive this rude Intrusion, O my friends!
Your heart-felt Sorrows for a Time suspend
And sympathize with me whilst I lament
Our Friend's Decease and give my Passions Vent.
O what a Loss have all her Friends received
A general Loss which never can be retrieved
We've lost a Mother, Daughter Sister kind
In whom each Virtue, Grace and Worth combin'd
May gracious Heaven enable us to meet
With due Composure this Affliction great
'Tis Heaven's Commands that passive we resigned
Our Will and Pleasure to the Will divine
Yet Spite of Reason Nature will rebel
And grateful Sighs and filial Tears impel

Facsimile of a Franklin Manuscript

And Sighs and Tears th' afflicted Bosom ease
As lenient Balsams rankling Wounds appease.
My much-lov'd Sister who afflicted sore
With Christian Patience her Affliction bore
And waited Heaven's own Time to break her chain
And seek her native Home th' empyreal Plain
My dear my much-lov'd Sister! — O my Friend
We in this World on nothing may depend:
For soon as we esteem ourselves possest
Of every needful Thing to make us blest
Some Friend's Demise (like her we now lament)
Casual Mischance, or tragical Event
Like an intrudent Guest will intervene
Frustrate our Hopes and mar our blissful Scene
How weak! how vain! how void all mundane Joys
A Medley fraught with Nonsense, Shent and Noise
O what's Life which we so high esteem
A Bubble, Vapour, Shadow, fleeting Dream
From sordid Dust we sprang & surely must
Or soon or late return to native Dust
What mortal Man even in his best Estate
All Vanity, Pride, Folly and Deceit
"From Joy to Sorrow & from Bliss to Woe"
How sudden the Transition here below!

And what our Pleasures and Possessions here
Ideal Joys and Blessings insincere
Crowns have their Thorns and Opulence its Bane
And all our Pleasures their Alloy of Pain
All the Vicissitudes of Life declare
Uncertainty alone is certain here
And none of this side Heaven not even the best
Completely perfect or completely blest
Ye sublunary Blessings long endure
And from Death's ~~darts~~ ~~nought~~ can us ensure
Tho' cir all Flesh maintains a sovereign sway
And Millions fall his Victims every Day
Nor Worth, Wit, Beauty, Wealth or Power can free
From rigid Fate's immutable Decree
Those mystic Tome by Heaven's own Finger wrote
Our Life, Death, Happiness and Misery note
Yet might this worthy Saint whose wayward Fate
Ye now deplore have claim'd a longer Date
Of circling Years her Kin to serve and bless
Enjoy her Friends and Life's good Things possess
But nought avails Perfections, Gifts and Parts
No Armour Proof against Death's fate-winge Darts

Which sent by Heaven transpierc'd her tender Heart
The best of Friends, my best of Friends must part
Alas how hard to lose a Friend sincere
Human Nature will be Nature here
How vain the Pomp and Pageantry of Woe
Those Tears more grateful which from Friendship flow
Better one silent Tear one heart-felt Sigh
Than Escutcheons, Tombs and Epitaphs which lie
And tho I humbly trust our Friend deceas'd
Is wafted to the Saints eternal Rest
Yet her sad Exit maugre my Resolves
In Woe's profound Abyss my Soul involves
With Sighs & Groans my labring Bosom swells
And down my Cheeks Grief's mournful Stream impels
May Heaven forgive me if I ought offend
While thus I mourn my dear departed Friend
Sure Heaven forbids not for our Friends to mourn
Nor to bedew with Tears their peaceful Urn
Since Tears assuage our Griefs, & sooth our Woe
And our Affection and Affliction shew
If in this Life alone we Hope profest
We were of all most wretched and distrest

B.F.

III FRANKLINIANA

The Curtis Collection of Franklin Imprints, containing more than three hundred items, had its origin in a collection begun in 1896 by Henry V. Massey. In 1908 it was purchased by John Gribbel, who further enriched it by the addition of many rare items. In 1915, "feeling that the most appropriate owner for the collection was the company publishing the *Saturday Evening Post,* the journal direct in descent from Franklin's *Pennsylvania Gazette,* Mr. Gribbel transferred it to the Curtis Publishing Company." (W. J. Campbell's catalogue of *The Collection of Franklin Imprints in the Museum of the Curtis Publishing Company,* 1918.) In 1920 the Curtis Publishing Company presented it to the University of Pennsylvania.

Perhaps the most noteworthy single feature of the collection is the fact that it includes the only complete set in existence, so far as can be ascertained, of the thirteen Indian treaties printed by Franklin, the only one previously lacking having been recently acquired by purchase. Special attention may be called also to two unique manuscripts: Franklin's book of Family Expenses, kept by him during his residence at Passy; and his youthful poetic effort, the "Elegy on My Sister Franklin." The set of "Poor Richard" almanacs is nearly complete, and there is a good file of the *Pennsylvania Gazette.*

On the following pages is a list of many of the choice items in this collection, which are on view in

two large display cases, separated by a case containing some Franklin manuscripts. The remainder (and larger part) of the collection may be seen in the sliding display-trays forming the lower part of these cases.

From James Franklin's Press

The first six items are products of James Franklin's press in Boston, where Benjamin served a profitable, though not too happy, apprenticeship under his brother. We may assume that his labor contributed to the production of these books.

A Familiar Guide to the Right and Profitable Receiving of the Lord's Supper. Wherein also the Way and Method of our Salvation is briefly and plainly Declar'd. By Theophilus Dorrington. The Seventh Edition. Boston: Re-Printed by J. Franklin - - - - 1718.

One of the many works by English seventeenth-century clergymen which were popular in the parochial libraries founded by Dr. Thomas Bray, under the care of churches in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Charleston, and other cities.

A Catalogue of Curious and Valuable Books, Consisting of Divinity. Philosophy. History. Mathematicks. Poetry. Plays. Voyages and Travels. Generally well Bound. To be Sold by Auction, at the Crown Coffee-House in King-Street Boston. - - - - Printed by J. Franklin, 1719.

This contains 780 titles, which give a good glimpse into the nature of the reading of New England in early colonial days.

The Isle of Man, or, The Legal Proceeding in Man-Shire against Sin. Wherein - - - - the chief Malefactors disturbing both Church and Commonwealth, are detected and Attached, with their Arraignment and Judicial Tryal, according to the Laws of England. - - - - By Richard Bernard. - - - - Boston: Reprinted by J. Franklin, - - - - 1719.

The sixteenth edition of a curious allegory. The woodcut frontispiece depicts "Sin brought before the Judge."

English Liberties, or The Free-born Subject's Inheritance; - - - - By Henry Care. - - - - Boston: Printed by J. Franklin, - - - - 1721.

The fifth edition of a work by a prominent political writer and journalist, containing the Magna Charta, the Habeas Corpus act, "and several other Statutes, with Comments on each of them."

The Sweet Psalmist of Israel. A Sermon Preach'd at the Lecture held in Boston, by the Society for promoting Regular & Good Singing, and for Reforming the Depravations and Debasements our Psalmody labours under, in order to introduce the proper and true Old Way of Singing. - - - - By Thomas Walter, M.A. - - - - Boston: Printed by J. Franklin, - - - - 1722.

The author, a grandson of Increase Mather, strove to correct the conventional church singing of the day, which he called "an horrid medley of confused and disorderly sounds."

The New-England Courant. [No. 80, February 4 to February 11, 1723, and No. 247, April 16 to April 23, 1726.]

In 1721 James Franklin began publishing this newspaper, to the columns of which Benjamin made many contributions. In 1723 James was imprisoned for a month for printing a political article which gave offense, and was ordered to cease publication of the paper. Thereafter, beginning with No. 80, the Courant appeared with the imprint "Printed and sold by Benjamin Franklin." No. 247 is one of many issues still published over his name after he had left Boston.

Working For Others

The Religion of Nature Delineated. [By William Wollaston.] - - - - London: Printed by S. Palmer, - - - - 1725.

Franklin worked as a compositor on this during his first visit to England.

The History of the Rise, Increase, and Progress, of the Christian People called Quakers: Intermixed with Several Remarkable Occurrences. - - - - By William Sewel. The Third Edition, Corrected. - - - - Philadelphia: Printed and Sold by Samuel Keimer in Second Street. M DCC XXVIII.

A large part of this was printed by Franklin, some of it while employed in Keimer's shop and some in the shop opened by Franklin and Meredith in 1728.

Early Independent Ventures

Mystische und sehr geheyme Sprueche, welche in der Himlischen Schule des heiligen geistes erlernet. Und dan folgens, einige Poetische Gedichte. - - - - [By Conrad Beissel.] Zu Philadelphia: Gedruckt bey B. Franklin in Jahr 1730.

The earliest known book with the imprint "B. Franklin."

Some Considerations Relating to the Present State of the Christian Religion, Wherein the Nature, End and Design of Christianity, as well as the Principal Evidence of the Truth of it, are explained and recommended out of the Holy Scriptures, with a general Appeal to the Experience of all Men for Confirmation thereof. By Alexander Arscot. - - - - Philadelphia: Printed by B. Franklin, at the New-Printing-Office near the Market. 1731.

A page at the end advertises "Books Printed and Sold" at the New Printing Office.

The Minister of Christ, and the Duties of his Flock; as it was Delivered in a Sermon at Abington in Pensilvania - - - - at the Ordination of Mr. Richard Treat to the Gospel Ministry there. - - - - By David Evans, Minister at Tredyffren. - - - - Philadelphia: Printed by B. Franklin, 1732.

Published "at the Request of some of the Auditory." An appendix contains "the Questions then publickly proposed, and the Charges given."

A New Version of the Psalms of David, Fitted to the Tunes Used in Churches. By N. Brady, D. D. Chaplain in Ordinary, and N. Tate, Esq; Poet Laureat to His Majesty. Philadelphia: Printed and Sold by B. Franklin, at the New Printing-Office, near the Market. - - - - 1733.

"An impression of the Psalms of David had been upon my shelves for above two years," Franklin wrote, although he had "known a large impression of Robin Hood's Songs to go off in a twelvemonth."

The Constitutions of the Free-Masons. Containing the History, Charges, Regulations, &c. of that most Ancient and Right Worshipful Fraternity. For the Use of the Lodges. London Printed; Anno 5723. Reprinted in Philadelphia by special Order, [by B. Franklin] for the Use of the Brethren in North-America. In the Year of Masonry 5734, Anno Domini 1734.

Cato's Moral Distichs Englished in Couplets. Philadelphia: Printed and Sold by B. Franklin, 1735.

A collection of moral precepts in Latin verse, translated by James Logan for his daughter's instruction. This copy belonged to Joseph Breintnall, one of the members of the Junto and first Secretary of the Library Company of Philadelphia.

> "Be still industrious, too much Sleep refrain;
> For Vice from Sloth does constant Succours gain."
>
> "Wage not with Men of Words, a noisy War;
> Words *all* have got, *few* Wisdom to their Share."

Jacobs Kampff-und Ritter-Platz allwo Der nach seinem ursprung sich sehnende geist der in Sophiam verliebten seele mit Gott um den neuen namen gerungen, und den Sieg davon getragen. - - - - Zu Philadelphia, gedruckt bey B. F. 1736.

A collection of mystical hymns, most of them by Conrad Beissel, a leader in the Ephrata community. Note the abbreviated form of Franklin's name in the imprint.

All Slave-Keepers that keep the Innocent in Bondage, Apostates Pretending to lay Claim to the Pure & Holy Christian Religion - - - -. By Benjamin Lay. Philadelphia: Printed for the Author. 1737.

One of the earliest American protests against slavery, by one who described himself as a "poor common sailor and illiterate man."

Instructions for Right Spelling, and Plain Directions for Reading and Writing True English. With several delightful Things, very useful and necessary, both for Young and Old, to read and learn. By G. Fox. Reprinted at Philadelphia by B. Franklin. 1737.

A primitive text-book by the founder of the Society of Friends, designed to remove stumbling-blocks in spelling and in use of words, and incidentally to impart moral instruction.

Christ the Eternal Word, the Only Means of Man's Salvation; Briefly asserted: Submitted to the sober Perusal of all Christian Professors. By Charles Woolverton. - - - - Philadelphia: Printed by B. Franklin, for the Author. M, DCC, XXXVIII.

The History of Joseph. A Poem. In Ten Books. By a Female Hand. Philadelphia: Printed and Sold by B. Franklin, 1739.

By Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, who was said by Samuel Johnson to have been the first English writer who successfully employed "the ornaments of romance in the decoration of religion."

"Poor Richard"

The approximately chronological arrangement of the exhibit is interrupted by a display of some of the "Poor Richard" almanacs, published annually by Franklin from 1732 to 1757 over the pseudonym "Richard Saunders," and of the smaller "Pocket Almanac," also attributed to "R. Saunders." Many other issues may be seen in the first three sliding trays of the first case. "In the colorless life of the frontier settlements, the advent of this little pamphlet of a dozen leaves was one of the events of the year." (P. L. Ford, *A List of Books Written by, or Relating to Benjamin Franklin.*

Tennent and Whitefield

A Protestation Presented to the Synod, of Philadelphia, June 1, 1741. Philadelphia: Printed and sold by B. Franklin, 1741.

Remarks upon a Protestation Presented to the Synod of Philadelphia - - - -. By Gilbert Tennent, A.M. and Minister of the Gospel in New-Brunswick, New-Jersey. - - - - Philadelphia: Printed and Sold by Benj. Franklin, 1741.

Francis Alison, second Rector of the Academy and first Vice-provost of the College, was one of the signers of the protest against the action of the New Brunswick presbytery in dissenting from two acts passed by the synod at its preceding session. Tennent's reply has the unusual imprint "Benj. Franklin."

The Querists, Part III. Or, An Extract of sundry Passages taken out of Mr. G. Tennent's Sermon - - - - of The Danger of an Unconverted Ministry. - - - - Philadelphia: Printed by B. Franklin in Market-Street. 1741.

The title is explained by its continuation: "Together with some Scruples propos'd in proper Queries raised on each Remark."

A Sermon upon Justification: Preached at New-Brunswick, on the Saturday before the Dispensing of the Holy Sacrament, - - - - By Gilbert Tennent - - - -. Philadelphia: Printed and sold by Benjamin Franklin, in Market-Street. M, DCC, XLI.

Note, in this volume, the unusual imprint "Benjamin Franklin."

The four preceding titles, associated with Gilbert Tennent, intimate friend of Franklin and of George Whitefield, are followed in the exhibit by several Whitefield items, which are listed below:

A Journal of a Voyage from Gibraltar to Georgia. By Geo. Whitefield, A.B. of Pembroke College, Oxford. Containing Many curious Observations, and Edifying Reflections, on the several Occurrences that happen'd in the Voyage. Philadelphia, Printed and Sold by B. Franklin, in Market-Street, 1739.

A Continuation of The Reverend Mr. Whitefield's Journal from a few Days after his Arrival at Georgia, to his second Return thither from Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Printed and Sold by B. Franklin, in Market-Street. 1740.

The first volume of the Journal is in three parts, with separate title-pages, covering the voyage to Georgia, his work in Savannah and other Southern settlements, and in England, after returning to London. The Continuation tells of his second visit to Georgia and other sections of America, including Philadelphia. "The Congregations" here he found "very large and serious, and I have scarce preach'd this Time among them, but I have seen a stirring among the dry Bones."

Sermons on Various Subjects. In Two Volumes. - - - - By George Whitefield, - - - - Philadelphia: Printed and Sold by B. Franklin, in Market-street, 1740.

Three Letters from The Reverend Mr. G. Whitefield: Viz. Letter I. To a Friend in London, concerning Archbishop Tillotson. Letter II. To the same, on the same Subject. Letter III. To the Inhabitants of Maryland, Virginia, North and South-Carolina, concerning their Negroes. Philadelphia: Printed and Sold by B. Franklin, at the New Printing-Office near the Market. M, DCC, XL.

A Letter from the Reverend Mr. George Whtiefield, to the Reverend Mr. John Wesley, in Answer to his Sermon, Entitled, Free Grace. - - - - Philadelphia: Printed and Sold by B. Franklin, M, DCC, XLI.

Typographical errors are so rare in Franklin's printing that this volume has additional interest because of the error on the title-page, which illustrates the paradoxical fact that these banes of the proof-reader are most easily overlooked when most conspicuous.

A Short Address to Persons of all Denominations, Occasioned by the Alarm of an Intended Invasion. By George Whitefield, Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Countess of Huntington. - - - - The Third Edition. London Printed: Philadelphia Re-printed, and Sold by B. Franklin, and D. Hall, at the New-Printing-Office, in Market-street. MDCCLVI.

The Character, Preaching, &c. of the Reverend Mr. Geo. Whitefield, Impartially represented and supported, in a Sermon Preach'd in Charlestown, South-Carolina, March 26. Anno Domini 1740. By J. Smith, V.D.M. - - - - Philadelphia: Printed and Sold by B. Franklin. M, DCC, XL.

By a Presbyterian clergyman, Josiah Smith, a native of Charleston, who died in Philadelphia in 1781.

The Doctrine of Predestination Truly and Fairly Stated: Confirmed from clear Scripture-Evidence, and Defended against all the material Arguments and Objections advanced against it. By Samuel Blair, late Minister of the Gospel at Shrewsbury in New-Jersey, now at London-derry in Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Printed by B. Franklin for the Author. M, DCC, XLII.

The General Magazine, and Historical Chronicle, for all the British Plantations in America. [To be Continued Monthly.] April, 1741. Vol. I. Numb. IV. Philadelphia: Printed and Sold by B. Franklin.

One of the six monthly numbers which constituted the life of this interesting venture, the second—and almost the first—magazine published in America. "It bears the coronet of the Prince of Wales, of Hanoverian ancestry, which accounts for the German motto." (J. C. Oswald, *Benjamin Franklin, Printer,* 1917, p. 77.)

A Catalogue of Choice and Valuable Books, Consisting of near 600 Volumes, in most Faculties and Sciences, viz. Divinity, History, Law, Mathematics, Philosophy, Physic, Poetry, &c. Which will begin to be Sold for Ready Money only, by Benj. Franklin, at the Post-Office in Philadelphia, on Wednesday, the 11th of April 1744, at Nine a Clock in the Morning; And, for Dispatch, the lowest Price is mark'd in each Book. The Sale to continue three Weeks, and no longer; and what then remains will be sold at an advanced Price. Those Persons that live remote, by sending their Orders and Money to said B. Franklin, may depend on the same Justice as if present.

This invites comparison, by which it does not suffer, with the auction catalogue on which he presumably assisted his brother in 1719.

The Gazette

Of the *Pennsylvania Gazette* ("Containing the Freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic") we have space for display of only one complete volume (containing the issues from January 21, 1762 to December 15, 1763, presented by Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis in 1929) and of one separate issue (October 31, 1765). The latter shows a black-bordered announcement concerning "the most Unconstitutional Act that ever these Colonies could have imagined, to wit, the Stamp Act." The issue of May 27, 1762, of which the front page is shown, has an account of the "Public Commencement" at the College, held on May 18. "Every Thing was conducted with the utmost Decency and Order. The Candidates acquitted themselves in every Part of their Exercises to the Satisfaction of all present, and have thereby derived considerable Honour to themselves and to the Institution."

With the *Gazette* are displayed twenty pieces of the provincial paper currency, of which Franklin was the printer.

M. T. Cicero's Cato Major, or his Discourse of Old-Age. With Explanatory Notes. Philadelphia: Printed and Sold by B. Franklin, MDCCXLIV.

This was regarded by Franklin, as it is today, as the handsomest product of his press. The translation and the notes were by James Logan.

The Art of Preserving Health: A Poem. [By John Armstrong.] London, Printed: Philadelphia, Reprinted, and Sold by B. Franklin. M. DCC. XLV.

Plain Truth: or, Serious Considerations on the Present State of the City of Philadelphia, and Province of Pennsylvania. By a Tradesman of Philadelphia. - - - - Printed in the year MDCCXLVII.

This was written, as the *Autobiography* reveals, by Franklin himself. "The laboured and long continued endeavour of our Governor, Thomas, to prevail with our Quaker Assembly to pass a militia law - - - - having proved abortive, I determined to try what might be done by a voluntary association of the people. To promote this, I first wrote and published a pamphlet, entitled *Plain Truth,* in which I stated our defenceless situation in strong lights."

Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism: on the Idea of a Patriot King: and on the State of Parties, at the Accession of King George the First. [By Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke.] London Printed: Philadelphia Reprinted, and Sold by B. Franklin and D. Hall, at the Post-office, near the Market. MDCCXLIX.

The Life and Death of the Righteous. A Sermon, Preached at Christ-Church, Philadelphia, - - - - at the Funeral of Mr. Evan Morgan. By Jacob Duche, M.A. - - - - Philadelphia: Printed by B. Franklin, and D. Hall. MDCCLXIII.

A Morning and Evening's Meditation, or, A Descant on the Times. A Poem. By T. L. - - - - London, Printed. Philadelphia, Re-printed and Sold by B. Franklin and D. Hall. 1766.

The author was Thomas Letchworth, a Quaker minister of London. This is the last book published with Franklin's imprint.

The Academy And College

The following titles are of interest not only as Franklin imprints but because of their association with the early history of the University.

Another copy of Franklin's "Proposals" of 1749.

A Sermon on Education. Wherein Some Account is given of the Academy, Established in the City of Philadelphia. Preach'd at the Opening thereof, on the Seventh Day of January, 1750–1. By the Reverend Mr. Richard Peters. Philadelphia: Printed and Sold by B. Franklin, and D. Hall, at the Post-Office. MDCCLI.

This contains not only the Sermon, but the Constitutions of the Academy and Franklin's paper entitled "Idea of the English School, Sketch'd out for the Consideration of the Trustees of the Philadelphia Academy."

A Poem on visiting the Academy of Philadelphia, June 1753. - - - - Philadelphia: Printed in the Year MDCCLIII.

By William Smith, who became first Provost of the College in 1755, who wrote: "The Performance is far inferior to the Subject; but an Apology will not mend it." It closes with a valedictory appeal beginning

> "Yet ere we close, O *Muse,* one Labor more
> Indulge where I have labor'd oft before.
> Dear Pupils, let the Lessons here imprest,
> Sink intimate and deep into your Breast."

Prayers, for the Use of the Philadelphia Academy. Philadelphia: Printed by B. Franklin, and D. Hall. MDCCLIII.

A Sermon, Preach'd on Sunday Sept. 1, 1754, in Christ-Church, Philadelphia; Occasioned by the Death of a beloved Pupil - - - -. By W. Smith, M.A. Professor of Philosophy in the Academy of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Printed and Sold by B. Franklin, and D. Hall, at the New-Printing-Office. 1754.

Prefixed to the Sermon are "Verses to the Rev. Mr. Smith," inspired by it, by "F. Hopkinson," "S. Magaw," "J. Duche," "T. Barton," and "P. Jackson."

A Charge, Delivered May 17, 1757, at the First Anniversary Commencement in the College and Academy of Philadelphia, to the young Gentlemen who took their Degrees on that Occasion. By W. Smith, M.A. Provost of the said College and Academy. To which is added, in Latin, a Salutatory Oration, Delivered on the same Occasion. By Paul Jackson, Professor of Languages in the said College and Academy, on taking his Degree of Master of Arts. Philadelphia: Printed by B. Franklin, and D. Hall, 1757.

Our copy of this is inlaid in an interesting volume collected by Dr. W. Kent Gilbert and inlaid by George Trent, in 1863, containing a number of pamphlets relating to the University, and entitled "A History of the College & Academy of Philadelphia, now Called the University."

Between the two cases in which the books printed by Franklin are displayed is a case in which some of the manuscripts may be seen, with a copy of one of the Indian treaties annotated by Franklin with marginal notes.

Elegy on my Sister Franklin.

A four-page poem, in youthful handwriting, composed by Franklin when a boy. It was probably written between 1718, when he was twelve and "took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces," and 1722, when he was sixteen.

> "Warm from my Breast surcharg'd with Grief & Woe
> These melancholy strains spontaneous flow."

Letter of Nov. 16, 1745, probably to his friend William Strahan, printer and publisher of London. "I have now every Thing ready for Mr. Hall to go to the W. Indies, but feel some Reluctance to part with him these hazardous Times."

Letter of April 26, 1746, probably again to Strahan, transmitting "a List of some Books, &c. which I wanted."

Commission signed by Franklin, 1764, appointing James Parker as "Postmaster General of His Majesty's Dominions on the Continent of North America."

Letter of June 15, 1756, to Peter Collinson. Discusses political affairs and acknowledges receipt of "two Boxes, containing Parcels for the Library [probably the Library Company of Philadelphia] and John Bartram, all safe and deliver'd."

Letter of Feb. 14, 1765, written in London to John Bartram. "Our Friend Peter" was undoubtedly Peter Collinson, friend and business agent of both Bartram and Franklin.

Letter of August 5, 1767, from London, to Mr. [Isaac?] Pennington regarding the Penn family. Mrs. Penn "will now change neither her Name nor her Mind any more, for I hear she is dead - - - -. They were strange, fickle People, and I think you have been very ill used by them."

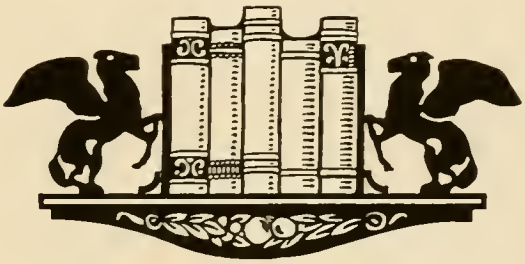
Letter of July 17, 1771, from London, to Dr. Ebenezer Kinnersley, concerning lightning and electrical experiments.

Letter of Feb. 14, 1773, from London, to Benjamin Rush, to whom he is sending "one of Dr. Priestly's Pamphlets containing a Number of curious Experiments on what he calls fixed Air." [Carbon dioxide.]

Account of Franklin's family expenses at Passy, France, in 1783 and 1784, kept by his *Maitre d'Hotel.*

Letter of Dec. 16, 1788, to His Grace the Duke de Rochefoucault, introducing Mr. Gouverneur Morris, "who was a Member of Congress, and a most active and useful Member of the Grand Federal Convention held in this City for the purpose of forming our new Constitution, in 1787."

Letter of Sept. 7, 1779, from Passy, to M. [Charles W. F.] Dumas, transmitting a letter.

Minutes of Conferences, Held with the Indians, at Easton, in the Months of July and November, 1756; Together with Two Messages sent by the Government to the Indians residing on Sasquehannah; and the Report of the Committee appointed by the Assembly to attend the Governor at the last of the said Conferences. Philadelphia: Printed and Sold by B. Franklin, and D. Hall, at the New-Printing-Office, near the Market. MDCCLVII.

This copy is of particular interest, among the thirteen treaties which constitute the complete set, because of the annotations made by Franklin for Lord Shelburne, who later became Prime Minister of England.